

THE DEMOCRAT

W. J. ROUSE, Editor.
H. T. HINSON, City Editor.

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HON. W. J. ROUSE.

WID SWALLER.

As this is Christmas week, we are giving our readers only a half size paper this week. The folks here has put in a faithful years work and it is no more than right that they should not have to work so hard Christmas week.

This is an important day in the history of Monroe City.

Every home is being robbed by the trusts.

Don't permit the prosperity of America to be in the hands of the National Banks.

William I of America and Asia is an appropriate title for our Hanna made president.

The masses should not be robbed of the fruits of their toil to enrich the few.

Fellow Democrat, what date do you think should be set for the county primary.

Resolve to do more for Monroe City during 1900 than you have during 1899.

The Christmas edition of the Palmyra Spectator last week was a creditable edition of that ever excellent newspaper.

If every Monroe City merchant would do more advertising in 1900 the business of the city would be greatly increased.

Imperialism has wrecked many strong nations. America should profit by their experience.

America should get back once more to the principles of freedom on which our republic was established.

Fellow citizens, we must break the chains which are binding us as slaves to the money power and the trusts.

Were it possible for McKinley to put a tariff on sunshine, air and water, it would be done and in a few days some of Mack's particular friends would have these blessings controlled by a trust.

More McKinley rule means that a few men will have a greater number of millions of dollars and that a greater number of millions of men will have fewer dollars.

All the trusts are fighting the Democrat party because it is the party that is fighting to keep the trusts from robbing the people.

This is a moment for reflection. We are drawing near the close of another year. In a few short days more 1899 will be history. It has been to all of us a year of pleasures and of sorrows. We have all made many mistakes in the past. They cannot be changed now.

Let us let profit by our past experience and the experience of others and in the future avoid the rocks and pitfalls and thus make our lives nobler and better. Let us strive to so live that when we are called to the great unknown the world will mourn. We were not given a place on earth for ourselves alone but to help make the world purer and better. Have we done our duty? If not, why not? Stop and think over the past. What have we done for mankind? We may not have any worldly goods and yet be more helpful to mankind than all the millionaires of America. Wealth does not make the man or woman. Character does. Every one of us may have a good character. All may not gain worldly goods. Then strive to gain a good character. Let us live less for self and more for others.

The time is near when the date for the Democratic county primary should be set. Some believe that it should not be later than the first of April, while others think it should be later. While we have no particular choice as to the time, we do say that it should be held either early enough to permit such of the candidates as may be farmers to put in a crop after the primary is over or; or it should be late enough for them to begin their canvass after their crops are laid by. Then, the voters, as well as the candidates, are interested in this matter and they, too, have rights which must be considered, and the date for the primary must be set for such time as will give the farmers time to consider the merits of the various candidates. They must have this time when they are not busily engaged in their farm work. Each candidate should go before the people on his own merits and the county canvass should be free from any entangling alliance with state and national matters. The DEMOCRAT hopes to have the sentiment of our people on this matter by next week. What date do you think best for the county primary?

Dare any one say that we are a free people when all the finances of the country are turned over to the National Bank Trust? This trust issuing and controlling all our currency, as is provided by the "Currency Reform Bill," can flood the country and inflate prices or it can draw these bills in as best suits it. This will be ruinous to all business interests. Surely the American people will not submit to any such legislation.

Monday the city editor of the DEMOCRAT had the misfortune to be thrown from a buggy. His forehead was so badly cut that Dr. Ely took six stitches in it.

Melvin Hayden was unfortunate last Friday. He was bringing a load of wood to town and as the weather was cool he was walking to keep warm. His foot slipped in the wagon track and before it could be removed was run over by one wheel mashing the instep considerably.

Miss Mary Martin left Sunday night for Kan., where she will be met by a Mr. Cline, of Oklahoma, to whom she was married at 9 o'clock Monday evening. Miss Martin was one of Monroe's best young ladies and Mr. Cline is to be congratulated upon winning such an excellent woman for a wife.

(Continued from page 1.)
ed, half-way between insanity and desperate intent.

But by and by Reyburn's mind cleared to Joe's last sentence. Only gossip. Of course that was all; but Joe was mean to hash it over, to him of all persons, and in such an insinuating manner, too. Well, he would go on to Rockland now if he met her complete bridal party; he would see for himself, and if it was all true, why, he would not go home that night, and perhaps Gladbrook would never see him again.

At Rockland he had only a few minutes to wait between trains, and already the home-bound one was waiting on a side-track. Purchasing his ticket, he ensconced himself where he could plainly see the passengers leave the cross train.

"Now for the bridal party, at least the bride and groom," he said, trying to be jocular with himself, although his face was very white and his mouth twitched nervously.

At the cry "train, train," everybody began to bustle about. Friends, baggage and good-bys were mixed up indiscriminately, but Leigh was very still. He could hear his anxious heart beat out its suspense in great suffocating leaps, as the fateful train thundered in.

Sure enough, there was Miss Summerfield; and the fine looking young man who helped her alight also took charge of her baggage.

Heaven have mercy! Were gossip and Joe Antrim right, after all? But pshaw! any frivolous fellow traveler would have done as much.

Notwithstanding this plausible thought, Leigh slipped into the home-bound coach like a thief, taking the corner seat in the rear end of the car.

When Miss Summerfield came in, the terrible groom-to-be, to whom the bridal party had dwindled, even he, was not in attendance. Marie carried her own "grip."

The man felt a tremor of hope quiver all over him, something like an electric current. She took the third seat from the door and leaned her head on her hand wearily. A strange air for a bride, thought the man in the corner. He could not see her face, but some way he felt that this New Year's eve was not what she wished. O, was she in trouble, too? He had half a mind to go to her; the seat directly behind her was providentially empty; he could whisper "Marie" over the back of her seat when his courage warranted it.

At the next stop he took advantage of the stir of the passengers and slipped into the coveted groove. Blessed privilege! He had not been near, so near her for years, and his heart was on fire. When he could wait no longer, he whispered over the barrier: "Marie!"

She looked up, surprised and startled. After the confusion had left her lovely face, she gave him her hand gingerly and asked in strained tones: "How came you here, Mr. Reyburn?"

"I could not help it," he confessed, flushing, but looking straight at her. "I wanted to be near you at once. You don't know how miserable I am without you."

There was a world of emotion in the undertone, but he kept bravely on:

"I came down to Rockland for nothing else than that

might get a glimpse of you. I felt it would comfort me to ride home in the same coach—to-night of all nights."

He stopped and looked at her in such a pitiful, hungry-hearted way. It was all out now, this confession of his. He meant to make it at the risk of everything before his heart failed him—and he had done so.

Of course she could do what she pleased with it, and him, too; he had staked and would win, or lose, all. Putting his elbow on the barrier and leaning a little toward her, he waited for her to speak. And her face was a study. Presently she gasped out: "Then you aren't to be married to-night?"

The interrogation snapped the last thread holding Leigh Reyburn's great love in reserve.

"Marie, darling! Could you—did you think—O, Heaven! as if I could love anyone but you! O, Marie!"

The whiteness of his face was terrible to see; but it all dawned upon her at once.

"I—I—O, Leigh!"—she put out both her hands, and two great tears stole down her cheeks to finish the sentence more eloquently than words.

When the train stopped at Gladbrook, a very happy couple alighted. And out across the moonlit snow, from the belfry bar of the gray stone church came the merry chime of bells:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new;
The year is dying; let it go."

"Ring in the new," said Leigh, drawing her arm through his. "The years of misunderstanding are dead; let them go, dearest."

"We will," she answered, softly and happily.

And Joe Antrim laughed in his sleeve, and said to the bright New Year morning: "I am glad I set those two simpletons right by a bit of strategy. A little prevarication, ahem! But all is fair in love and war."

A Chance To Make From \$2 To \$5
A Day All Winter.

We want two men to work for us during the fall and winter in this county to take subscription orders for The Prairie Farmer. Big money can be made by our special plan of work. Many are now making from \$2 to \$4 a day and will double this after the subscription season fairly opens up. Our plan of work gives a clear field. We want only two good men for this county. The first reliable applicants will get the work. Send reference and write at once. The Prairie Farmer has been published for nearly sixty years and is well known to every good farmer and stock-raiser. Write at once. Address THE PRAIRIE FARMER, 166 Adams Street, Chicago.

HATCH.

Our boys will take in the grand ball at the Opera house in Monroe City Dec. 28th. Henry Kendrick will help to make the music.

Mrs. Dr. John Bell will give an oyster supper Dec. 28th for the benefit of the Catholic cemetery at Brush Creek. All are cordially invited.

Tom Bell and sister, Miss Virgie, returned last Thursday night from the State University at Columbia and will spend the holidays with the home-folk.

Mr. editor we expect to be absent during the holidays and will refrain from sending our items for awhile.

Mrs. Headburg died at her home in this city Friday, of general debility, aged 89. She was born in Switzerland.

Rev. O. B. Holliday was here from Palmyra a few hours Tuesday.

Farm Loans at 6 Per Cent.

We have prepared to loan sums of \$1,000 or more on good improved farms in Monroe County at 5 per cent interest with small commission, or 6 per cent with out commission.

J. A. MELSON & CO.
Monroe City, Mo.

OBITUARY.

Francis M. Richards was born in Fredrick, Md., June 22nd, 1851. He came to Mo., in 1879 and joined the M. E. Church South in 1880. He was married to Mattie Maddox, Feb. 17th 1881, and seven children were born to them, three of which have passed on before. He was attending the protracted meeting at the Methodist Church when he was stricken with what proved to be his death sickness. He died in Monroe City, Mo., Dec. 16th 1899. His funeral was preached at the Methodist Church by the pastor and he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Dockery Chapel. He was an honest, upright man and was ready for the change. May the Lord comfort and sustain the widow and orphans.

Sister in thy sad bereavement
Precious thought will linger still
Of the one that's gone before thee
His work on earth he did fulfill.
He who helped to bear thy burden,
Of thy Master and thy Lord,
Now has left his home and loved ones
He has gone to his reward.
He was lowly, meek and gentle,
Though so bold, so brave and true.
Lift thy thoughts above thy sorrow
There's a crown prepared for you.
Meekly bear thy heavy burden
Say Oh Lord thy will be done,
While the storms may rage around thee,
Glorious victories may be won.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in post-office at Monroe City, Mo., on Dec. 26, 1899.

Mrs. Abbie Allen, Cecil Bradley, Mr. Ellery Bowman, Miss Lizzie Ford, Jim Gilliam, Robert McGothen, Frank Pogue, Mr. Pogue, H. R. Simpson, Geo. M. Sullivan, Jeff Tayler, C. B. Thomas, Allen Turnbough, Mrs. Agnes Wathen.

To obtain any of these letters persons must say advertised.

J. P. PATTON, p. m

NOTICE!

To the First Baptist Church, of Monroe City, Missouri.

In accordance with previous announcement I was present at the Opera House in Monroe City, Mo., on Sunday Dec. 24th, 1899 at 11 o'clock a. m. to fulfill my legal obligation as Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Monroe City, Mo. Also to convene the Church in a business meeting to consider my resignation as Pastor.

As I was prevented from making any statements relative to my resignation I hereby announce that my resignation as Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Monroe City, Mo., will be tendered at the next regular business meeting of said Church to take effect, in accordance with rules of decorum of said Church, three months after the same shall be acted upon by the Church, unless sooner terminated by mutual agreement.

J. H. RIFFE.

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Monroe City, Mo.

Christmas exercises were had by all the Sunday Schools in the city. The little folks were remembered and made happy.